The exiled Elf

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The exiled Elf

by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

Some strange disease is devastating the elf community, exiling Will outside of the forest.

Notes

I was very tired at the end of the writing but I really wanted to post it today.
Sorry for the mistakes.

When the disease had started to spread into the wood Will was far away, involved in a diplomatic mission with some merpeople. He had received a letter from Molly warning him about the “אַפּאָקאַליפּסע” that was becoming a menace for their kind, she was trying to get out of the forest with Willy to go back to her family where, hopefully, the disease had not spread yet. She had told him to not go back and that she would be waiting for him. But no later than three days after the first letter he received another one, the disease had reach all the forest and Molly herself had contracted it and could not move any-more.

He was not sure what to do, should he still go to the forest and see by himself, risking to contract the infection too or should he go somewhere else? And where? Maybe he could go to Molly's parents to bring them the news, even if she would probably have contacted them by now. At least it gave him a goal, without a home he was quite lost.

He managed to get to " גרין" forest in less than a week, the other species representatives he came across were not aware of any diseases in their rank, some of them warn him against going in any elf forest, one even said "They are doom" and the comment stuck long in Will's head. But he went anyway, stopping at the border of the forest. Illuminated by the moon light only the forest was looking dark, almost black. Something was warning his every instinct to not go further, that something incredibly wrong was going on ahead. The forest had lost its will to live to him, it was empty, as cold as a stone mine, as cold as a desert. To him it could have been no green in the place that it would have been the same, the forest no longer responded to the elves. He could not go forward so he ran away.

He spent almost a century before finding a kind of peace and a home. He had avoided every forest in his path not wanting to ever feel the same ever again. He had settle in Wolf Trap, with a sense of irony, an elf like him would never hurt an animal and wolf were bending in front of him.

He had started working because of boredom, the FBI had been a strange mistake. He could imagine almost every crime scene from very few clues, he could empathize with almost everyone, grapping many information in a direct eye contact. As amazing it could sound to a human, it was nothing more than small tricks elves were used to do. He was still not use to behave around humans so much, it was making him look awkward to some, dangerous to other but mostly instable to Crawford.

They had match him with several therapists, it had never worked, Will knew the tricks, but that did not stopped them to try. Until the day, he met Hannibal. At first, he had done the same, avoiding eyes, given vague answer and trying to accord him as few time as possible. But some warm feeling at started to bloom in him standing near the therapist and he had raised his eyes to meet his and soon he knew.

He wasn’t alone any more.

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